

A N
E L E G Y

ON THE
DEATH of Miss M——s. *K*

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF
D—— M——, Esq.
OF THE
F—— H——, C——,
B E R K S H I R E.

WHO DIED THE 3th OF JULY, 1785.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

IF purest virtue, sense refin'd in youth,
Religious wisdom, and a love of truth,
A mind that knew no thought ignobly mean,
A temper sweetly chearful, yet serene,
A breast that glow'd with those immortal fires
Which Godlike charity alone inspires:
If these could lengthen fate's tremendous doom
And snatch one moment from the gaping tomb,
Death had relenting thrown his dart aside,
And HARRIOT, O my HARRIOT, had not died. EARL of ORRERY.

"WATCH, O WATCH O'ER HER DUST, YE GENTLE POWERS
"WHO KINDLY CALM THE SAINT'S DEPARTING HOURS."

MARIA; or, THE GENEROUS RUSTIC.

LONDON: PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS, STATIONER'S COURT, LUDGATE-STREET.
MDCCLXXXVI.

AN
E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF MRS M

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TO
THE SURVIVING MEMBERS
OF
THAT TRULY AMIABLE FAMILY
OF WHICH
MISS M——s
WAS ONCE A BRIGHT, A DISTINGUISHED,
AND
A JUSTLY VALUED ORNAMENT,
ARE THE FOLLOWING LINES INSCRIBED,
BY
THEIR SYMPATHIZING
FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR

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WAS ONCE A BRIGHT, A DISTINGUISHED
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A JUSTLY ⁴⁵VALUED ORNAMENT,
7 ARE THE FOLLOWING ⁴⁰⁶⁴LINES INSCRIBED,
BY
THEIR SYMPATHIZING
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THE AUTHOR

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE lines are facred to the memory
of ONE who, not fatisfied with the at-
tainment of every female excellence, and every
human virtue, foared, on adventurous wing,
into the regions of science and philosophy. She
fuccessfully rivalled those who have long been
accustomed to behold with *indifference*, if not

with

with *contempt*, the efforts of feminine genius, when either classical learning or philosophical disquisition have been the objects of pursuit.

ALIKE distinguished by elegance of manners, by brilliancy of imagination, and soundness of judgment, it is almost needless to observe that, whilst living, she commanded the esteem and admiration of all who were so fortunate as to rank in the number of her friends, and who now join in sincerely regretting that Heaven, has for ever veiled from their eyes, ONE whose
beauty,

beauty, wit, and virtue, adorned a sex that has
feldom, if ever produced her superior.

It is with just diffidence that these lines are
now submitted to the public inspection. The
Author had withheld them from the press in
expectation that some abler bard would tune
the lyre to the memory of his lamented friend.
Encouraged however by the reception of a
former work, he once more ventures himself as
a candidate for public approbation; convinced
that if it be merited, it will not be withheld.

B

IN

IN the Elegy he has expressed his hopes that the poetical powers of Mr. Graves*, the elegant panegyrist of Miss M——s in her infancy, will once more be exerted in paying a worthy tribute to her memory. Should the perusal of these lines suggest to that accomplished scholar, the idea of favouring the world with a fresh specimen of his poetical talents, the Author will have the satisfaction of knowing that, however little his own performance may have merited the *indulgence* of the public, it will have given birth to one,

* The ingenious author of Euphrosyne, &c. &c. that

that will challenge universal *applause*, and perpetuate the virtues of his amiable and accomplished friend---to whom, alas! he now bids a reluctant adieu in the words of Milton :

“ Since to part,
“ Go heavenly guest, ætherial messenger,
“ Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
“ Gentle to me and affable hath been
“ Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever
“ With grateful memory.”

PAR. LOST, Book viii.

INNER TEMPLE, London,
January 3, 1786.

that will challenge universal sympathy and respect.

There is a richness of his language and manner.

plished friend--to whom, alas! he now bids a

reluctant adieu in the words of Milton:

"Since to part is my lot, farewell."

"Go heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,

"Scarcely from whose sovran goodness I adore.

"Gentle to me and allable hath been

"The conversation, and shall be honoured ever

"With grateful memory."

Par. Lost, Book viii.

Inner Temple, London,

January 3, 1786.

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A N

E L E G Y

ON THE

DEATH of MISS M—s.

AS yet 'twas *fancied* woes alone I sung,
But now by *real* grief my lyre is strung.

'Tis HARRIET's gentle shade demands the lay;

Do thou MELPOMENE the tribute pay.

Dear

Dear to the Muses, to the Graces dear,

They all shall weep o'er HARRIET's honour'd bier.

HARRIET who from wisdom's hallowed page

Had snatch'd the spoil of every distant age.

Pardon, thou honour'd shade, these untaught lays

In which I vainly 'tempt to sing thy praise.

Alas! no rude, no untaught verse like mine

Is incense worthy of a HARRIET's shrine.

An *abler* bard thy many virtues claim,

An abler bard *shall* celebrate thy name.

Now

Now shall the lyre *again* by him be strung,

Who in the dawn of life† thy praises sung.

GRAVES shall the sad, the mournful tribute pay,

And hail thy spirit in the realms of day.

Each female charm, each human virtue thine,

By MANLIUS, by me, by all esteem'd divine.

Long may we gaze on beauty's varied throng,

And give to them the gently flowing song;

But when, ah! when, shall we *thy* equal see?

When look on her we may compare with thee?

† Vide a Collection of Poems, entitled *Euphrosyne* (vol. i. p. 38) written by Mr. Graves, the classical author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, *Columella*, and *Anecdotes of the Golden Vale*.

IN yonder shade whilst Harriet's urn we place,
(That shade which once her charms were wont to grace)
Behold yon lovely, weeping, woe-worn train,
The boasted pride of this our village plain ;
Who at this awful hour by sorrow led,
Seek the drear mansions of the silent dead,
And at a much lov'd sister's hallow'd bier,
Pay the sad tribute of a hopeless tear ;
Whilst MANLIUS, whose generous breast is fraught
With all the virtue Grecian sages taught,

Midst

Midst midnight horror and funereal gloom

Resign'd beholds a much-lov'd daughter's tomb.

Yet deem not ye that he no sorrow feels,

'Tis true philosophy his grief conceals.

Know on his peace this dire misfortune preys,

And will, we dread, cut short his valu'd days!

BUT mark yon aged venerable band

Who round their HARRIET'S grave, in sorrow stand!

Those are the sons of poverty and woe,

Whose tears at her command had ceas'd to flow:

But by her death alas! their woes revive,

Again with penury they're doom'd to strive.

Ah! say who now shall all their grief assuage?

Ah! say who now shall cheer their drooping age?

MANLIUS in whose breast each virtue reigns,

'Tis HE shall *now* support these aged swains,

Shall bid their cruel fears' their sorrows cease,

And smooth their passage to the realms of peace.

BUT say what form majestic now appears,

Oppress'd by sorrow and dissolv'd ⁱⁿ tears?

Her

Her sighs, her groans, her wild distracted air,

All, all proclaim a wretched MOTHER'S care.

Now o'er the yawning grave she wildly bends,

And now to heaven unnumber'd sighs she sends ;

Whilst both her sons sad partners of her woe,

In silent grief their heartfelt sorrow shew.

In slow procession o'er the gloomy plain,

See the sad father lead the wretched train,

Who now in solemn silence homeward turn,

And quit, reluctant quit, their HARRIET'S urn.

But mark! tho' chang'd the spot, not chang'd the scene,

Nor yet their bosoms know a grief serene.

For lo! the sight of yonder dreary walls

Her lov'd idea and *their* grief recalls.

Their grief may heaven in pity soon bid cease,

Soon may their tortur'd souls be hush'd to peace.

May heaven-born hope direct their streaming eyes

To those bless'd realms beyond the azure skies,

Where *HARRIET's* virtues meet a bright reward

From *HEAVEN'S ALMIGHTY AND ETERNAL LORD.*

EPITAPH

THE
EPI TAPH.

TRAV'LER! who e'er thou art, that seek'st this tomb,
And view'st with pleasure the surrounding gloom,
Stay, nor to beauty's urn thy tears refuse,
But let them fall like summer's sweetest dews.
O long uninjur'd may this willow wave,
And long protect this ever honour'd grave.
For *know*, beneath its sadly drooping shade
There rest the ashes of *a lovely maid*,

If

T H E E P I T A P H.

If virtuous worth be heaven's peculiar care,
 She does its brightest, noblest pleasures share.

Do thou, by Harriet's bright example led,

The unfrequented paths of virtue tread.

So shalt thou dauntless meet the power of death,

And so shall hope receive thy latest breath.



F I N I S.